

A N
ELEGY
ON THE
DEATH
OF THE
QUEEN.

Written by *Peter Gleane*, Gent.

Licensed, *February 18th*, 169⁵. D. Poplar.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Sam. Heyrick*, and are to be Sold by *J. Whitlock*,
near *Stationers-Hall*. MDCXCV.

SECRET

TABLE

Q U E R Y

W. Long & Co. Ltd. London

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

ELEGY.

I

Convuls'd with Grief, whilst Nature's Organs strain,
At last I'm forc'd to breath a Vein;
Or break it must with what it can't contain:
A Vein Elegiack, I mean,
A Flood of Tributary Verse,
Sacred, and fitted to Rehearse
Britannia's Fate,
And from its Date
The like Convulsions in the Church and State.

II

Albion! Unhappy Isle! what thou hast lost
Defies the Richest Ages to repair;
A Queen that Buoy'd thy sinking Honour up,
Who whilst She held the Regal Chair,
Suckl'd thy Hectick Church and State,
Both Languid grown and Ripe for Fate:
She! Great by Nature, Birth, and Education,
O'er look'd the Envy of thy Pievish Nation;
Yet Lov'd thee so,
And Pity'd too,
As to disturb her solid Ease,
With Anxious Cares about thy Peace
Her Gen'rous Soul was always bent
About the Peaceful Arts of Government;
And when th' unhappy Exigence
Of War Recall'd her Royal Comfort hence;
Above the Reason of her Sex,
She Taught the Board a Scheme of Politicks,
When to Resolve, How to Debate;
And where to bound Reason of State:
The want of which, and which alone,
Has Widowed many a Realm,
And Emptied many a Throne.

III.

Whilst this incomparable Lady stood,
 Blest with a Natural Delight in Good;
 She could not pass Religion by,
 But Understood, and Knew that too,
 And Lov'd, and Practis'd what she knew :
 Those that have her Devotion seen,
 Thought her an Abbess, not a Queen :
 And as she could to Heaven bow,
 She could be humble to her Subjects too,
 Great and not Proud, Affable and not Base,
 All her Decorum, All her Grace;
 Never were Virtues so well fix'd,
 Never Passions so well mix'd,
 Never Nature so alloy'd,
 So well temper'd, so employ'd,
 That 'twill be difficult to find
 Amongst th' Inferiour Sex behind,
 So Great a Soul, and so Sedate a Mind.

IV.

If these Conspicuous Virtues could Revoke,
 And Pray'rs could Intercept a high Decree;
 Or stop the Sin-born Monster's stroke;
 Those Balmy Orisons which went,
 Dear Saint ! in Hecatombs to Heaven for thee,
 From Pious Prelates most familiar there,
 Must needs have chang'd Divine Assent,
 And kept thee here
 To Crown us many a happy Year,
 But all the Incense, all the Suppliant Oils,
 From City Altars, and from Rural Piles,
 From Prelates Censers too the Vows which we
 Put up when Albion was one Cemetery;
 Although they were our All,
 Were too too small
 A Bidding for the fix'd Decree.

V.

But now the Fatal Signal's giv'n,
 The complicated Evil's join'd;
 She took the best Viaticum for Heaven,
 And then lay down,
 Her Life resign'd,
 With that Serenity of Mind
 With which she took the Crown;
 Stript into naked Spirit, up she Clim'd
 From all this muddy Continent of Time,
 By Angels Guarded from new Fears,
 Wrapt in a Cloud of Balmy Dew,
 Leaving her Kingdoms drown'd in Tears,
 Away to Heaven She flew.

F I N I S.

